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observe his very respectable list of subscribers, because it shows that the subject has many friends and supporters.

Considering the Irish the purest specimen of the language of the Celt found in Britain and Central Gaul by Cæsar; and that it is the key to the antiquities and nomenclature of that most interesting portion of Europe, we trust that it will soon be studied by men of enlightened, cultivated and liberal minds, unbiassed by the bigotry which is manifested in most of the works hitherto published by the initiated, whose sole object seems to have been to colour every part which militated against their own narrow views; and have been foolish enough to imagine they became anti-national if they told the truth. Mr. Connellan was appointed by our late Sovereign to copy the ancient Irish MSS. in the library of the Royal Irish Academy for the Royal Library; and we are glad to hear our present gracious and deservedly popular sovereign has continued his royal patronage.

Mr. Connellan's introduction to Irish pronunciation, is concise and clear, and contains, we think, nearly all the necessary information on the subject. Of the Gospel of St. John, it is only necessary to say he has adopted the Hamiltonian method, which is decidedly the readiest way of acquiring a language—and we think it well done. His Praxis is also clear and satisfactory, as are his familiar conversations.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Connellan, that as there is considerable variance in the Irish of the different provinces, that if possible, the Scriptures should be revised by an individual from each, or one sufficiently learned in the variance. But hitherto this has been impossible, because so few, if any have been qualified for the task. We regret to find the edition, printed last year in Dublin, so stigmatized by Mr. Connellan; he says, "*it so abounds, in almost every page, with errors in orthography and syntax, as to excite feelings of regret, that the laudable zeal which gave it birth was not more effectively directed.*" We believe that a late eminent Irish scholar was the superintendant of that work, with the assistance of a learned and worthy gentleman of high literary reputation. If Mr. Connellan is correct in his criticism, it makes us more and more anxious that the Irish language should be cultivated, in order that the word of life may be placed in purity before the inhabitants of this benighted land.

We regret we cannot approve the topography of this work, which is much in the *old Irish style*.

The Evils and Remedy of Intemperance.
By Professor Edgar.

From among a number of publications of the Temperance Society, sent to us during the month, we select this one as the

best and newest. There is in it, along with some specimens of special pleading, much of solid argument and sound sense; much of impressive statement, and of manly vigorous appeal. We do not remember to have seen the plans of the *Abstinence Societies*, (for so we must still beg leave to call them) so ably and thoroughly advocated in any of the pamphlets they have previously put forth upon the subject. In none have objections been so soundly stated, and so fairly met. We will honestly confess, that we rose from the perusal of these pages "*almost persuaded.*" We cannot yet, however, subscribe to all, as gospel, that Mr. Edgar and the Temperance Societies are pleased to dictate. One object, indeed, that they have professedly in view, is to bring the subject under discussion; to put their principles to the test of argument; persuaded that being based on truth, and promotive of the real welfare of the human species, they must ultimately win the day. Such is the result we should desire, and on this ground would we be happy to meet them. And though in their publications they do give very hard names to temperate people, and by asserting them to be the great promoters and patrons of drunkenness, and representing them as in some sense worse than the drunkard himself, almost frighten any sober man from taking up the cudgels against them, we would even dare to run a tilt for a few seconds with this their unvizzored champion. The abstemious professor sets out with proving, for instance, what nobody that we have ever met with, will presume to deny, viz. that the members of Temperance Societies are at liberty to abstain from whiskey, if they please. We grant, that they are not only at perfect liberty to abstain from whiskey, but also from wine, and beer, and tea, and coffee, and any other of the good things of this life, that they think proper to put down upon their list of things forbidden; and that, provided they do not injure their health thereby, no individual has any right to find fault with them for their abstinence. But then, if they choose to *abstain*, are they therefore authorised to misrepresent and vilify with the imputation, of encouraging drunkenness, those who make a moderate and temperate use of those varieties of beverage, and do not feel themselves called upon to the exercise of a total abstinence, to which no law, either human or divine, imperatively binds them. Were we disposed to try the theological professor with his own weapons, we should feel inclined to ask him, whether John the Baptist, who acted on the principle of entire abstinence, ever represented our Saviour as the patron and encourager of drunkenness, because "*he came eating and drinking,*" or whether from the spirit manifested by the worthy professor, the

charge of the Pharisees—that he was a “glutton and a wine-biber,” would not have been regarded as just, when even levelled at the Son of Man. Each pursued in this respect, a different track; yet, wisdom was equally justified in both her children. Mr. Edgar appears to concede that abstinence is not *commanded* by the pure and perfect precepts of our holy religion, and that none have a right to enforce it as a rule; yet Temperance Societies, more strict than Christianity itself, and wiser than its founder, “*prescribe* abstinence from distilled spirits, and have the fullest warrant to *abstain* even from wine.” In order to meet some obvious arguments that are suggested even by a cursory perusal of the Inspired Volume, the learned professor describes Judea as a temperate country, probably forgetting the woes denounced against the drunkards of Ephraim; and the several fearful descriptions given by the prophets of the prevalence of this lamentable abuse of one of the bounties of a kind and indulgent Providence. We are told, too, by him, that “the wines of eastern countries are light and weak;” and hence it is argued, that “the allowances of Scripture can be scarcely considered applicable to our more intemperate land, and more intoxicating liquors.” We should suppose, however, that the Scriptures being intended for universal circulation, were written as a universal guide, and that their rules with reference to wine and strong drink, would be found applicable to every country and every clime. Besides which, with all deference to the professor’s superior knowledge on these subjects, we hesitate to allow that peculiar mildness which he seems inclined to set down as an invariable quality of the vinous liquors of eastern countries and of ancient days. To represent wines as less intoxicating then, when used to excess, than they are at present, is to deny facts in order to serve a theory. So far as antiquity in general may be concerned, Anacreon and Horace will serve as sufficient witnesses; nor have we any reason to suppose, that in the qualities which these bottle-loving bards celebrate, Eastern wines were at all inferior to the produce of the vineyards of the West. We rather think that in every age since the days of Noah, intoxicating liquors have been well known as an important article of beverage; and that in every country their medicinal and stimulating qualities, instead of being duly and moderately used, have been sadly and fatally perverted by excess. Thus, as in the case of opium, the most valuable of medicines, may lose its efficacy by its use becoming habitual, or become a deadly poison by its immoderate and intemperate administration.

To this evil propensity Christianity, we conceive, applies a counteracting remedy, applicable to every variety of case and

circumstance, of clime and constitution, in the plain and obvious rule of *moderation*. An attempt to go beyond this, we apprehend, will be but a straining of the bow till it breaks. Every such attempt we suspect is likely to lead to a reaction, or will at least be rendered nugatory by such quirks and stratagems, as these which Mr. Edgar seems to think the *one glass system*, or any similarly precautionary measure would be in danger of producing. From such evasions the profession of abstinence is not altogether secure. We have known the words *ardent spirits*, and the exception in favour of *medicinal use*, to be much played upon, as any other expedients that have been adopted for the eradication of the love of drink. When men are determined to be drunkards, no rules nor vows will long restrain them—

*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret
Et manum perumpet luctum fastidia victis.*

But really, while we cannot accord with all the doctrines of the Abstinence Doctors, nor admit the plan of the Temperance Society to be faultless; we have no inclination to grapple with its advocates, or too severely to criticize its well meant designs. That there is in existence a melancholy, destructive, and widely extended evil, is too obvious to be denied; that every plan for its removal, or even mitigation should be kindly entertained and fairly examined, is no more than the philanthropy of such a purpose seems to demand. That those who feel themselves called upon to abstain altogether from vinous, spirituous, or any other inebriating liquors should do so without being ridiculed or insulted; that they should associate in voluntary societies for the purpose of encouraging one another in such abstinence; that they should propagate opinions favourable to the adoption of a similar practice by their neighbours; and that they should be permitted to do all this without any thing of sarcasm or reproach, we think is what they have every right to expect from those around them. And so far from any good humoured banter which we may attach to the subject, being designed to wear towards them an unfriendly aspect, we would on the contrary applaud their motives, candidly allow that some heating measures were required, and fully admit that the example of the abstinent may even on the temperate have a salutary influence. We will give the Nazarites and Rechabites of the day all due honours. We would only whisper in their ear, a word or two of friendly caution. Let them not extol too highly this cardinal virtue; let them avoid any thing that might wear the aspect of unkind and injurious reflection on the characters of those who do not feel called upon to join their associations; let them not confound with indiscriminate opprobrium, the man of temperance and the drunkard; let them not

adopt the Stoic maxim, that all faults are equal, and denounce as belonging to one class and hurrying into one vortex of inebriation, all who taste of the anathematized liquid, from him who sips the moderate and occasional glass, down to him who gulps goblet after goblet in stupifying and brutalizing potations.

—Adsit
Regula peccatis quas pœnas irroget æquas,
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.

If we cannot go with them in all their dogmas to the fullest extent, we yet would respect them for the excellence and patriotism of their design; we would revere them for the sacrifice they are willing to make, and the example they are anxious to exhibit. We would listen to their arguments, if they will only consent not to load us with reproaches, because we may not be fully convinced by them. And in hostility to drunkenness, degrading and embroiling drunkenness, in every form and degree, in either sex, and in every station, in all approaches to it, and by whatever medium of inebriation those approaches may be made—we shall pledge them (if they will excuse so Bacchanalian an expression) to the utmost, the assistance of our pen and of our pages—of our earnest advocacy, and sincere support.—To rid humanity of such a tyrant, if any Cassius cry, “Give me your head;” we answer in the words of the noble Brutus, “And my heart too.”

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Connaught, a Tale of 1798 — Dublin:
Printed for M. Archdeacon, and sold
by all Booksellers, 1830.

No person who reads the preface of this book, will be disposed to deal harshly with the author; among the few we have read, we have seldom seen one more modest or appropriate, or better calculated to disarm criticism, and secure the favourable disposition of the reader. It appears this work is the production of a man “engaged in the occupation of great labour of mind and body;” and we must add, that as coming from such a person it is a creditable performance. Nay, we question, but it is equal to a great deal of those soft-goods which issue from the novel manufactory of Messrs. Colborn and Bentley of New Burlington-street; always excepting the novels of Messrs. Banim. “From me,” the author says, “cannot justly be expected any thing like those delightful productions, full of power, and beauty, and pathos, and humour, that are now every day teeming from the press. The reader will please to remember, that knowledge of life and leisure have been equally denied to me to any extent; and to one in my humble station, access to books and information, however thirsted for, can be but limited.”

To be sure we might ask them what sins have the public committed against you, that you should thus carry your revenge to such an extent as that of inflicting a heavy book upon them? We say this is the question which ought to be put to all those who, without our Author's modesty and moderation scruple not, despite of ignorance and want of education, to rush into print. This, however, is a first production of an uneducated man, and we must be lenient. The story is well conducted, without break or chasm, rock or precipice occurring to bring the reader's neck in danger—all is smooth, equable, and somewhat low, resembling rather a journey on a Dutch canal, than the mad and merry rattle of an Irish tour through Connaught, in the year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight. The narrative, in fact, though conducted with skill, is deficient in interest; the personages are not sufficiently important, nor the incidents mixed up with the destiny of the leading characters so closely as to rivet the attention of the reader to their progress. Although without any glaring defect, yet it is cold, and wants novelty; no new points of character are brought forward; no new development of the habits and manners of the people is made (with one or two slight exceptions;) and on proceeding to call the roll of the requisites for an Irish novel we find humour and pathos both absent. Notwithstanding all this, it is really a respectable production, and will repay that class of readers whose nerves are not capable of bearing excitement. A pair of stockings, we need scarcely say Cunningham ones, will not cost much; but if we are certain that they were knif by my Lord Plunket, Sir Harcourt Lees, Daniel O'Connell, or Sir Henry Hardinge, we would be surprised at it, and would certainly long to take a peep at them.

The Author is by no means without talent, and if he should write another book, we would suggest to him the necessity of his condensing his narratives, and bestowing more attention to the exhibition of character. We feel as Irishmen, indignant at the unheroic manner in which both his heroes, for he has a pair of them, make such a clean race before a few rascally troopers who chase them across the country. He ought to have made them slaughter the said troopers and given Alie his death-blow in the fray, of which he might die naturally enough like the wounded hussar, “when the battle was o'er” with a better grace. He has him shot behind however, in the act of showing as clean a pair of heels, making as rapid an escape as ever a Connaught-man displayed during the fast-flying year of '98.

We understand that “Miladi” Mor-